

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke

When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deere Maieslie your Queene heere thinke,

If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my hart a working mure and dumbe,

Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from her resort,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now he raues,

And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,

That I haue positiuely said, tis so,

When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Prince o

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loo
Be you and I behind an Arras t
Marke the encounter, if he lou
And be not from his reason fal
Let me be no afsistant for a stat
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter

Quee. But looke where sadly

Pol. Away, I doe beseech y
Ile bord him presently, oh giu
How dooes my good Lord Ham

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me m

Ham. Excellent well, you are

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you we

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as thi
Is to be one man pickt out of t

Pol. That's very true my L

Ham. For if the sunne breed
good kissing carrion. Hauey

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th S
But as your daughter may con

Pol. How say you by that, st
knewe me not at first, a sayd
and truly in my youth, I su
neere this. Ile speake to hi
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter m

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter th

Ham. Slaunders fir; for the
men haue gray beards, that
purging thicke Amber, & plu